


ANNAKIN. YOU ARE
NOW FULLY
RESTORED AFTER YOUR
NEAR DEATH ON
MUSTAFAR. YOU'RE
LUCKY I GOT TO YOU
BEFORE
PALPATINE.

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHERE IS PADME?



I WILL ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS, BUT FIRST I MUST BEGIN YOUR TRANSFORMATION. THERE IS LITTLE TIME.


TRANSFORMATION? WHAT DO-- WHAT'S HAPPENING? MY CHEST---



BREASTS?
WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU
<CRACK> DOING
TO ME?

M--MY
VOICE!

I'M TURNING
YOU INTO A
WOMAN.



A WOMAN? STOP!
STOP THIS NOW OR
I'LL--

THE FORCE? I--
CAN'T USE THE
FORCE.

I HAVE HIJACKED
YOUR FORCE
ABILITIES. IT TAKES A
LOT OF POWER TO
CHANGE A VIRILE MALE
INTO A FERTILE
FEMALE.




FERTILE?

WHY? WHY
ARE YOU DOING
THIS?




ANSWER
ME!

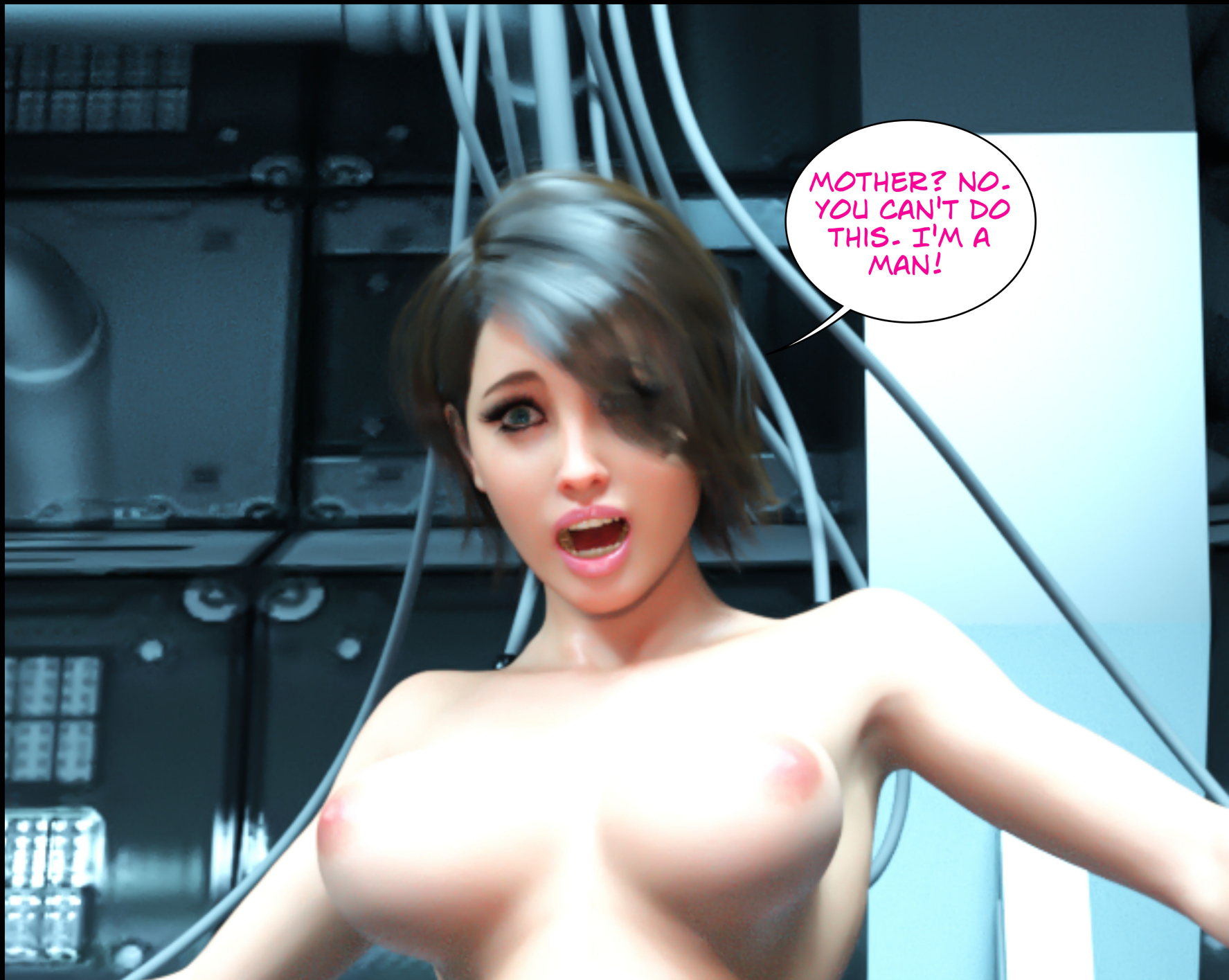


PADME HAS DIED. THE
FUTURE OF THE GALAXY
DEPENDS UPON THE
BABIES SHE CARRIED.


PADME?
DEAD? NO.

A woman with short, vibrant blue hair and a black hooded cloak stands in a futuristic, blue-lit environment. She has a serious expression and is looking directly at the viewer. Her cloak is intricately detailed with gold and white patterns. The background features a grid of light blue lines on a darker blue surface, suggesting a high-tech or industrial setting.

I WILL PLACE
THE BABIES IN
YOUR WOMB. AS THE
FATHER, YOU MAKE
THE PERFECT
SURROGATE
MOTHER.



MOTHER? NO.
YOU CAN'T DO
THIS. I'M A
MAN!



NO! THE
JEDI. THEY
FOUND US.

DON'T
WORRY,
ANNIKA. I'LL
PROTECT
YOU.